



DINO

NO. 18 SEP
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APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

ALL NEW

The **FLINTSTONES** STARRING

DINO

a Hanna-Barbera Production

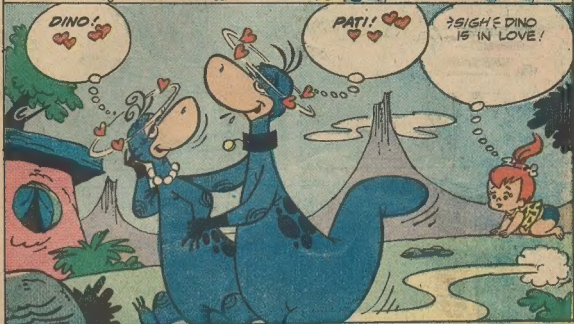
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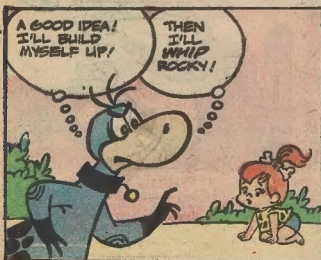
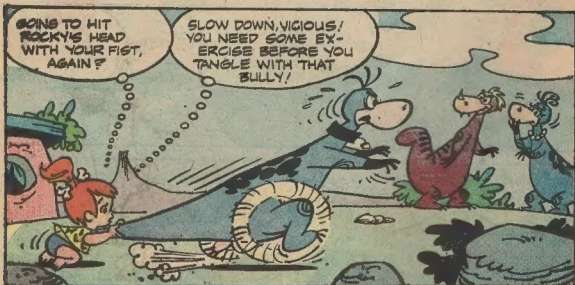


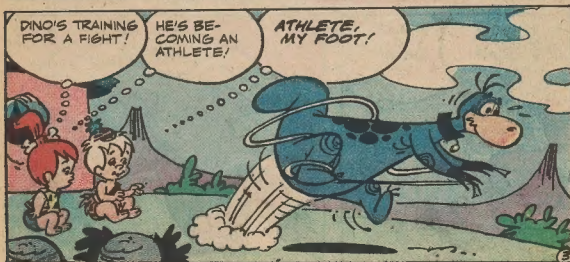
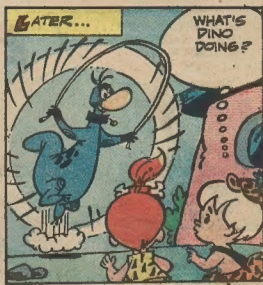
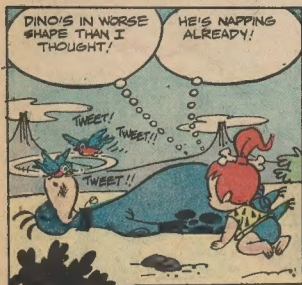
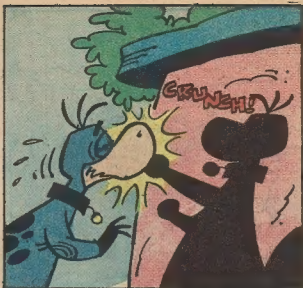
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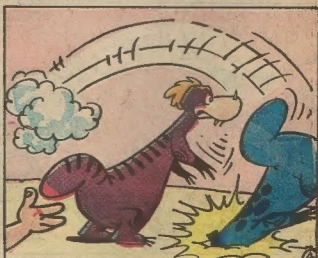
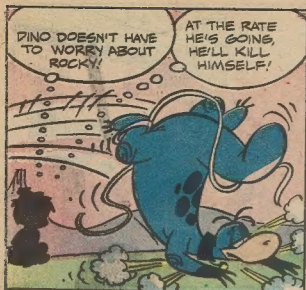


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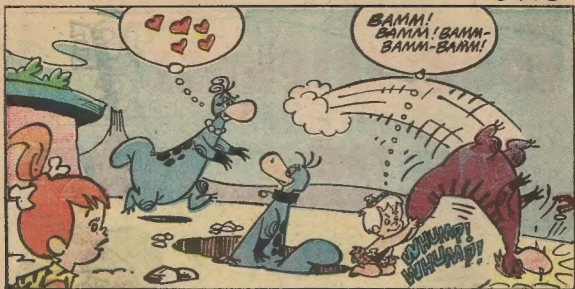
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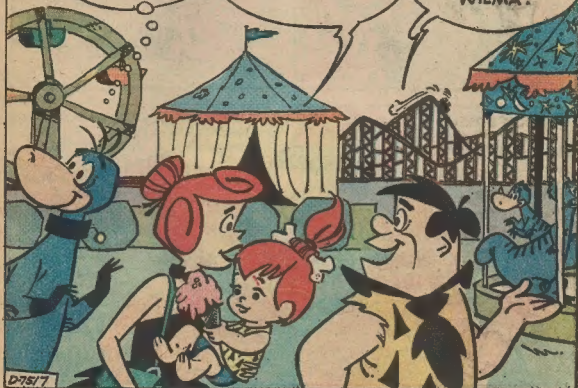
The **FUNSTONES** STARRING
DINO

FUN HOUSE FOLLIES

I LOVE
CARNIVALS!

FRED, THANK
YOU FOR TAKING
US HERE!

I LIKE
SPENDING THE
DAY WITH
MY FAMILY,
WILMA!



I WANT
TO GO ON A
RIDE!

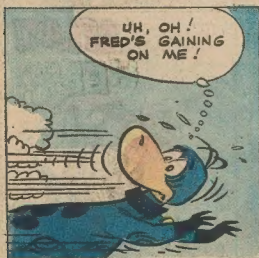
BE CAREFUL,
DINO!

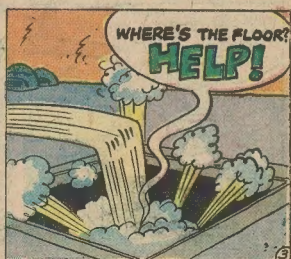
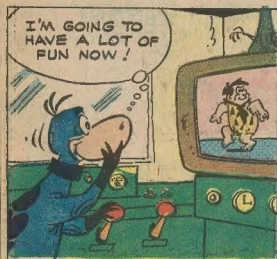
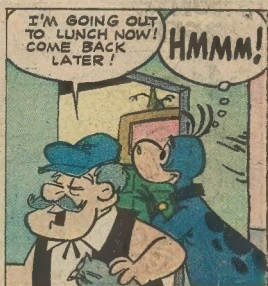
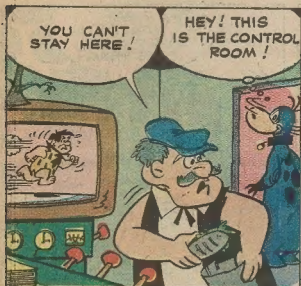
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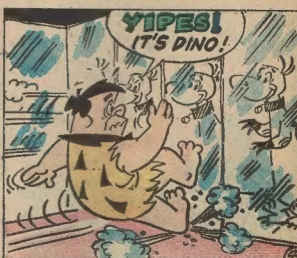
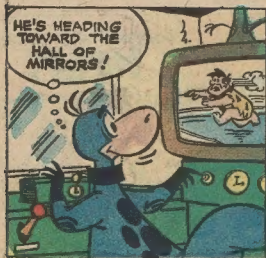
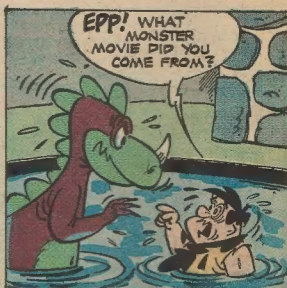
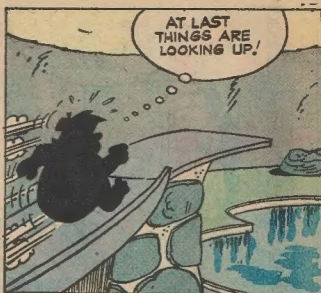


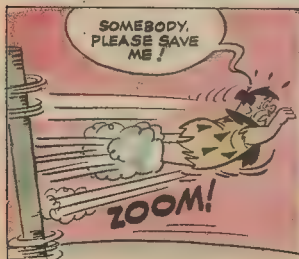
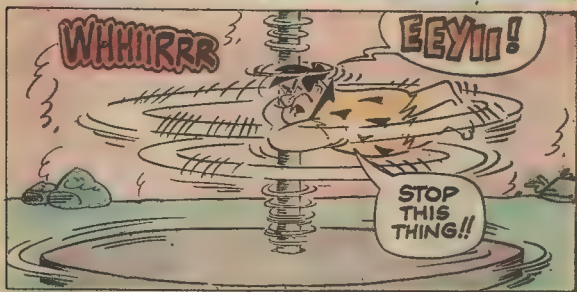
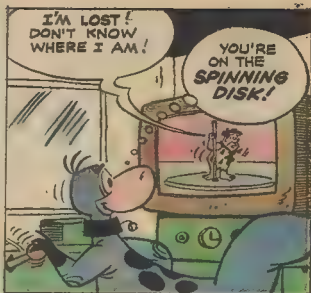
SPLAT!



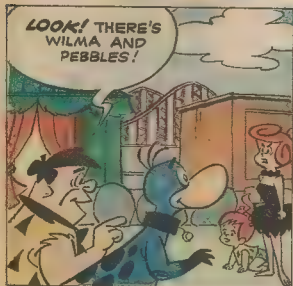






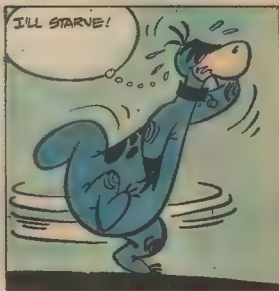
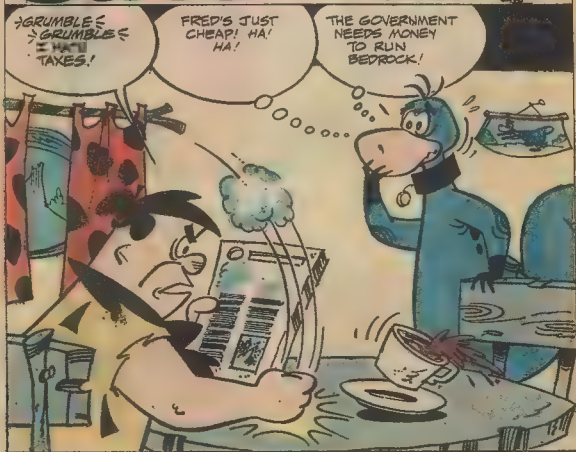


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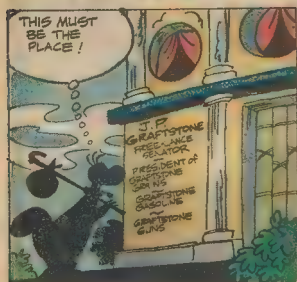
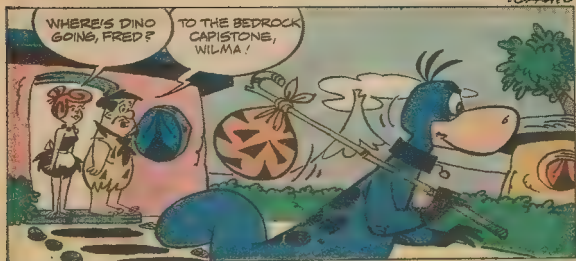


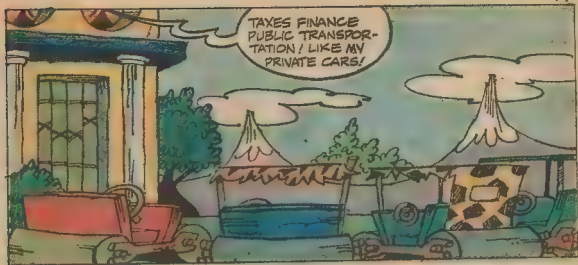
THE FLINTSTONES STARRING DINO

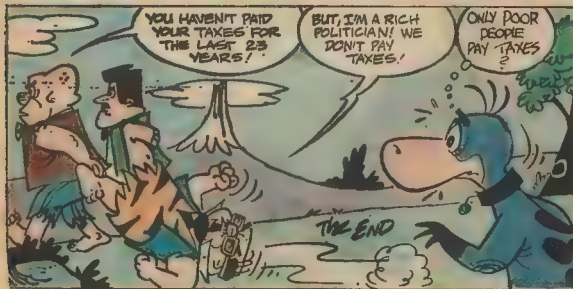
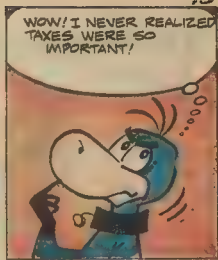
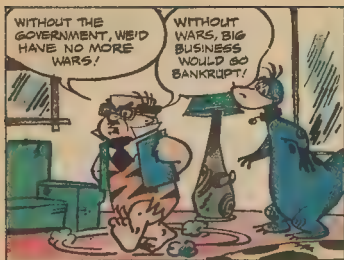
TAXATION TRAUMAS



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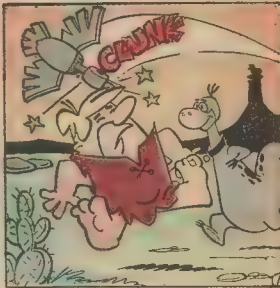
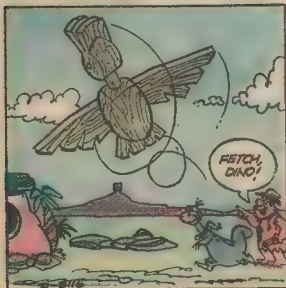
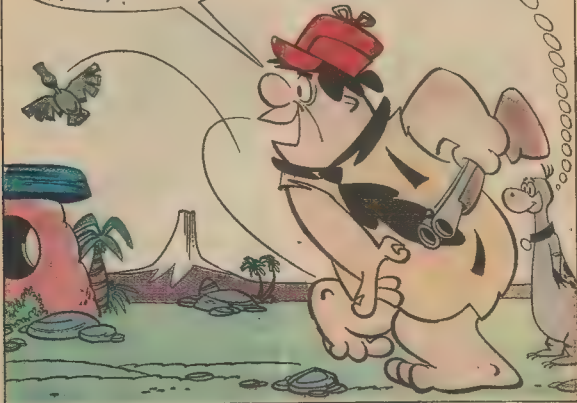
DINO

Hanna-Barbara
Productions

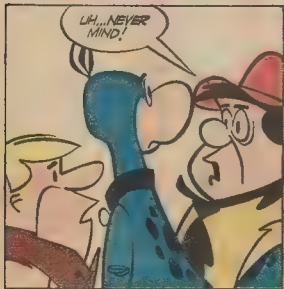
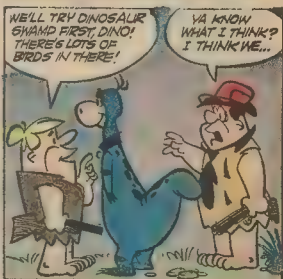
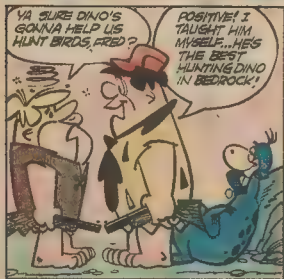
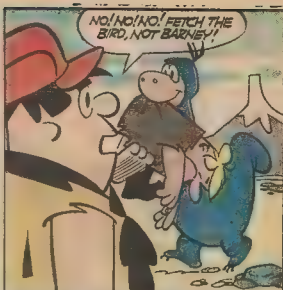
in *Fetch, Dino!*

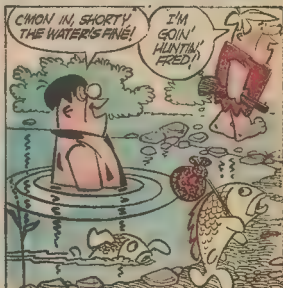
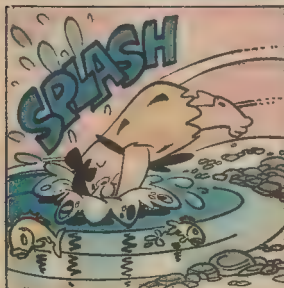
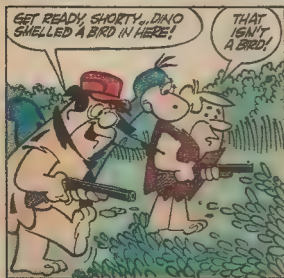
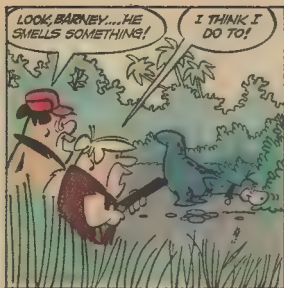
I'LL TEACH YA HOW TO
BE A GOOD HUNTIN' DOG
YET, DINO!

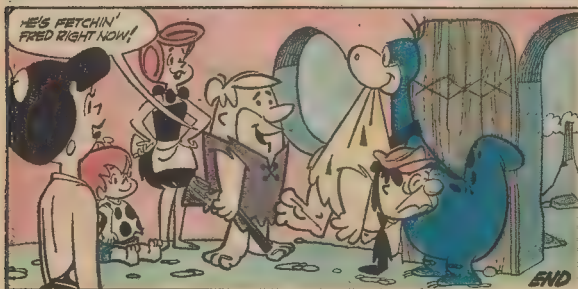
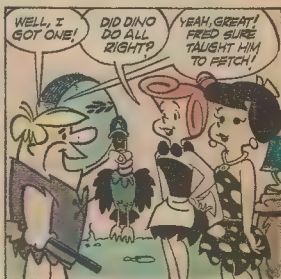
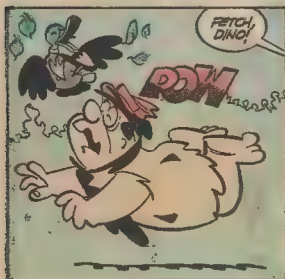
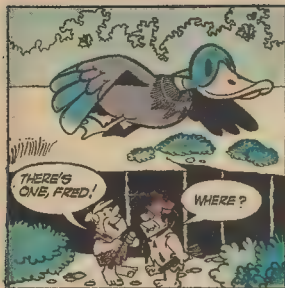
I'LL HUMOR THE BOSS. HE'S
ALWAYS GOOD FOR A LAUGH!



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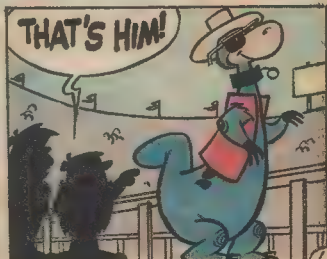
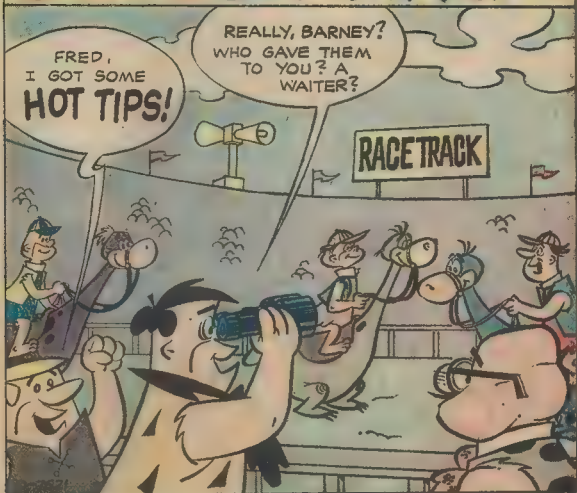


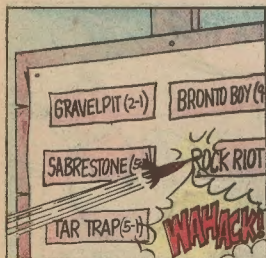
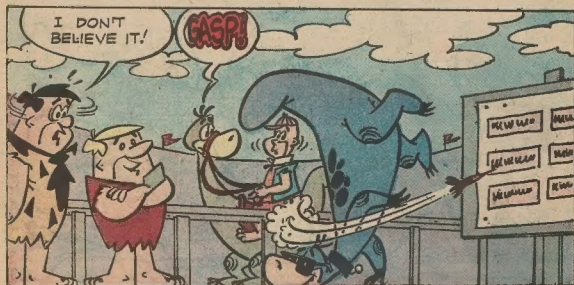


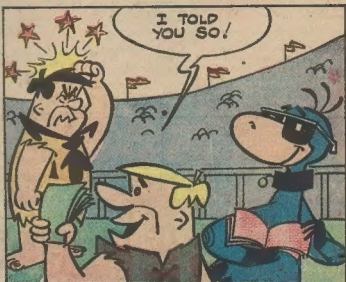
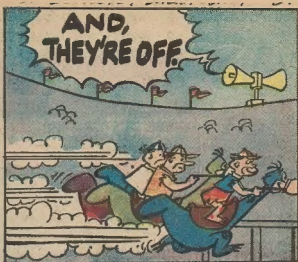
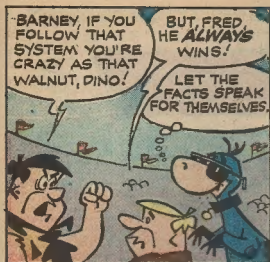


The FRANKSTONES STARRING

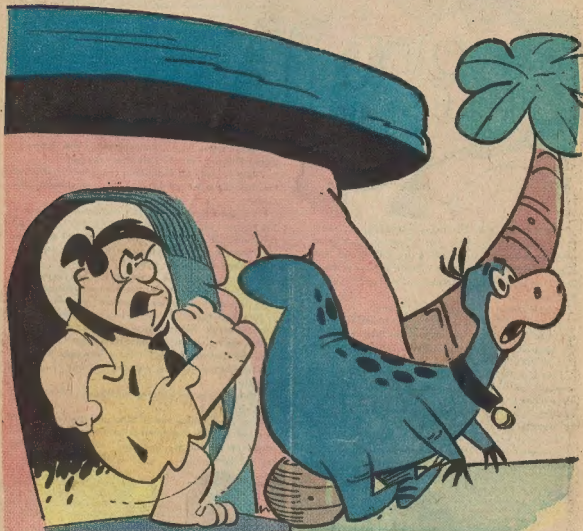
DINO BET FRET







THIEF RELIEF



"Good night, Wilma," said Fred as he crawled into bed.

"Good night, Fred," answered Wilma as she kissed her husband on the cheek. "Fred, are all of the doors and windows locked?" she asked as she got under her covers.

"Yes, dear," Fred answered as he yawned.

"What was that?" chattered Wilma anxiously as she pulled her blanket over her head. "I heard a noise out in the kitchen. Go and see what it is!" Wilma ordered.

"I'll tell you what it is," grumbled Fred. "It's your imagination. I didn't hear any noise. Besides, there's nothing to worry about. Dino is asleep in the kitchen. Dino is a great watchdog. He'd never let a crook get

into our house," Fred assured his frightened wife.

"Fred, you get up this instant and check out in the kitchen or I won't cook breakfast for you tomorrow morning!" Wilma threatened.

"You win!" moaned Fred as he crawled out of bed. He slipped his feet into his slippers, yawned and then tiptoed out of the bedroom.

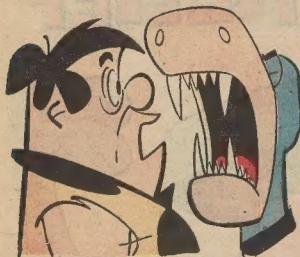
"Be careful," Wilma called to him as he moved through the shadows. "It could be the thief who is stalking the neighborhood and he's supposed to be armed and dangerous."

"Stop acting so silly," Fred mumbled. "Dino is in the kitchen. How could a crook sneak past a mean, ferocious, fierce dinosaur like Dino?"

Slowly, Fred moved through the dark house. Ha-

went into the kitchen where he found Dino fast asleep on the kitchen floor.

When Dino heard someone walking around the house, he woke up. Dino growled, snarled and bared his sharp teeth.



"Good, Dino," said Fred as he patted his pet's head. "You can relax. It's only me! I knew a crook could never sneak into this house. I can tell Wilma that everything is safe and sound. You can go back to sleep, Dino!" stated Fred as he turned and walked out of the kitchen.

Quickly, Dino went right back to sleep.

"Good!" whispered a crook as he poked his head out from behind the refrigerator. "The fat guy left and the pooch is snoozing again. Now I can clean out this house!" he laughed.

The thief tiptoed across the kitchen and carefully stepped over Dino. Through the living room he moved like a living shadow. Into the bedroom he crept. Wilma and Fred were fast asleep, so the sneaky robber quickly cleaned out their jewelry box.

The crook worked all through the night and Dino never even budged. The robber even stole Dino's bone right out of Dino's dish.

"What a watchdog that hound is!" mocked the crook as he slipped out of an open window. "This place was so easy to rob that I might come back here tomorrow night." Out the window and into the darkness the crook went. Quickly, he disappeared in the shadows.

The next morning, when Fred Flintstone woke up, he was furious. Everything of value had vanished. The crook had cleaned them out.

Angrily, Fred ran out into the kitchen. Dino was still sleeping. One swift kick from Fred sent Dino sailing through the air across the room. Fred's foot ended Dino's beautiful dream and Dino immediately woke up.

"Get out of my house, you crummy hound. You're worthless!" Fred screamed. "Get out and don't ever come back!" Fred shouted as he opened the back door.

Sadly, Dino left.

All day long, Fred felt bad because he had thrown Dino out. When night fell again, Fred was still sad. He wished that Dino would come home.

"Fred, do you hear something out in the kitchen?" asked Wilma as she turned down the bed.

"Yeah! It must be Dino! He's come back!" shouted Fred happily as he ran out of the bedroom and into the kitchen.

Fred found that Dino wasn't waiting for him out in the kitchen. Dino hadn't come home. The robber had returned to steal the rest of the Flintstone's belongings and that's who Fred found out in the kitchen. He found the robber waiting for him.

"Put up your hands!" said the thief as he pulled a gun out of his pocket. "Stay calm and you won't get hurt," he warned Fred as he backed toward the door.

Just then, the back door swung open and smashed into the crook. The robber was knocked cold!

Into the house rushed Dino. He'd forgotten his dish and had returned to fetch it. Now, however, Dino was the hero of the hour. He'd saved Fred and caught the burglar.

"Dino, you're the greatest watchdog in the world," Fred shouted.

First, Fred apologized to Dino and then he phoned the police. All of the stolen articles were returned and everyone was happy. Everyone except the crook that is!

